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Editor DIANA SCHUTZ
Logo design STEVE MILLER
Book design FRANK MILLER and JOSH ELLIOTT

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FRANK MILLER'S SIN CITY® VOLUME 5: FAMILY VALUES

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SIN CITY[®]

Family Values **FRANK MILLER**

DARK HORSE BOOKS[®]



"WE'LL GET YOU A GOOD
CAR FOR THIS JOB," SHE
SAID, GAIL DID, "JUST
THE KIND YOU LIKE.
YOU LIKE GERMAN
CARS, DON'T YOU?"

I SHOULD'VE
GUESSED WHAT
SHE MEANT
BY THAT.

POKITA
POKITA
POK
POK
POK





BUT I'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO *BELLYACHE*. THIS *LITTLE MISSION* I'M ON IS THE *LEAST* I COULD DO.

THERE'S A KIND OF DEBT YOU CAN'T *EVER* PAY OFF, NOT ENTIRELY. AND THAT'S THE KIND OF DEBT I OWE GAIL.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT REASONS OF MY *OWN* FOR TAKING ON THIS GIG. HELL, I'D HAVE *VOLUNTEERED* FOR IT, IF THEY HADN'T ASKED ME FIRST.

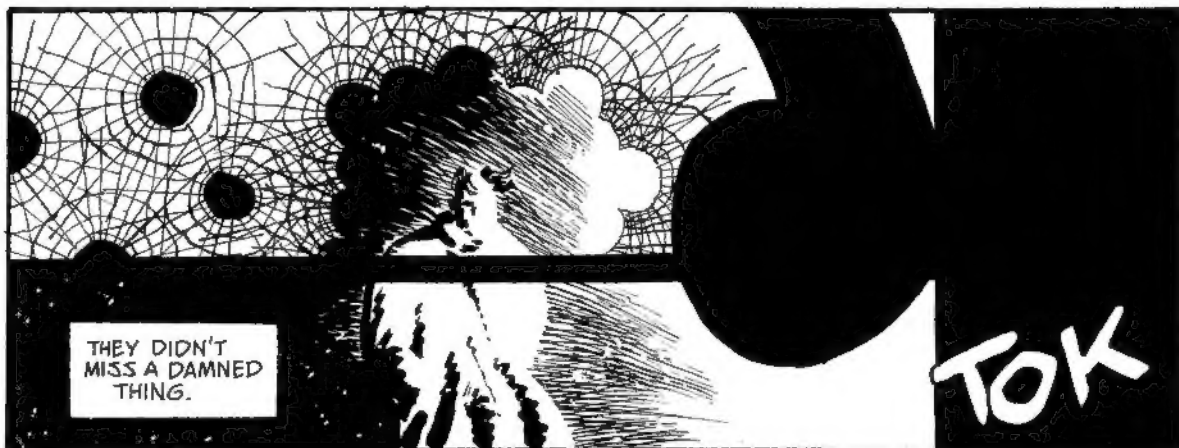
I JUST WISH THIS DEAR OLD *BEETLE* COULD MAKE IT ALL THE WAY TO *THIRD GEAR* WITHOUT SHAKING MY *TEETH* HALF-WAY OUT OF MY *GUMS*--



--AND THAT IT COULD CARRY ME *TWENTY YARDS* WITHOUT THE *CARBURETOR* KICKING OUT A *FAT ONE*.



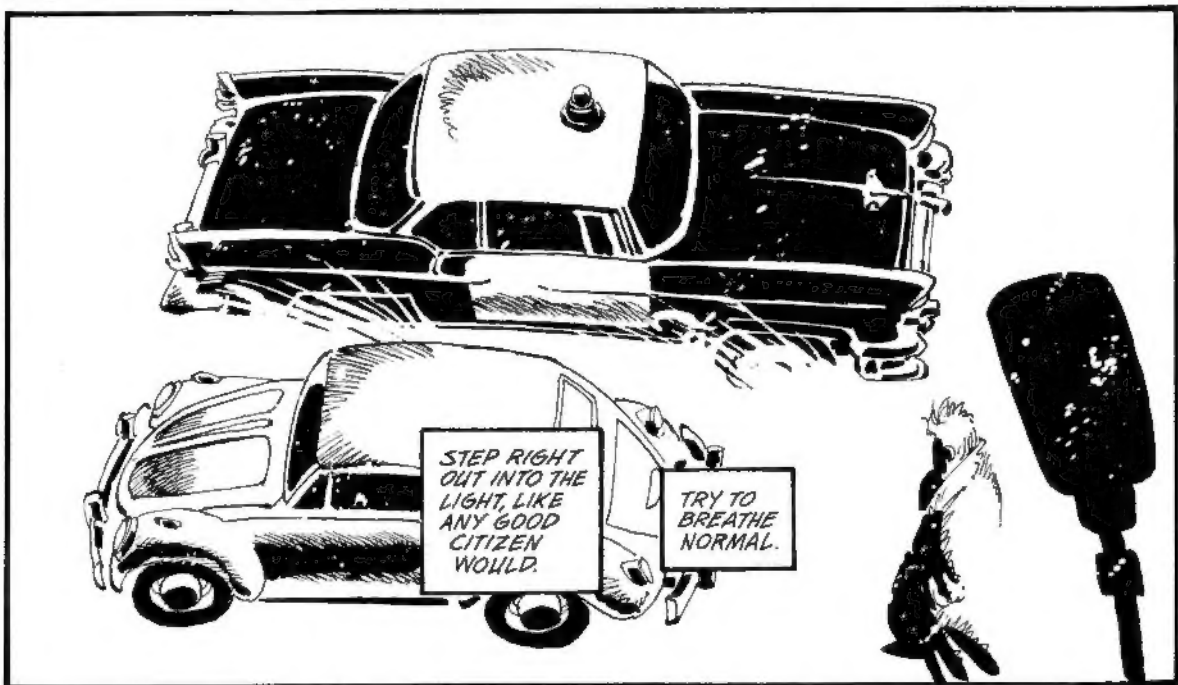




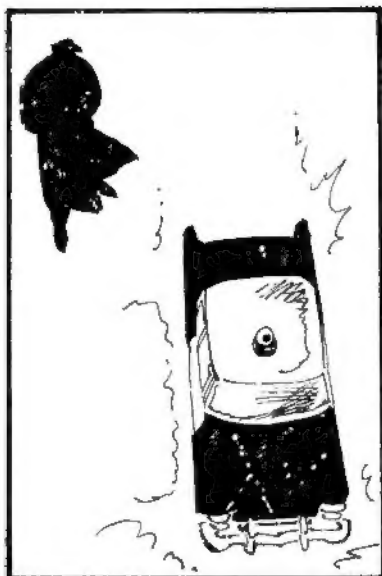


ICE POPS AND
SCATTERS.

A V-8 ENGINE
APPROACHES,
ITS RUMBLE AS
DEEP AS A
LION'S PURR.



MY FINGERS
CLOSE AROUND
THE COLD, HARD
THING IN MY
POCKET. I PRAY
I WON'T HAVE
TO USE IT.



WELL, TIME
SURE FLIES.

MIHO'S IN
POSITION
BY NOW.



WE
ARE OFF
AND AWAY,
MY NOBLE
STEED!



OOF!

DAMN
IT!



I SLIDE TO A
BALD-TIRE
STOP AT THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
GIN MILL.

IF THERE ARE
ANY LEADS TO
BE FOUND,
I'LL FIND
THEM HERE.

AW,
NO.

AW,
HELL.

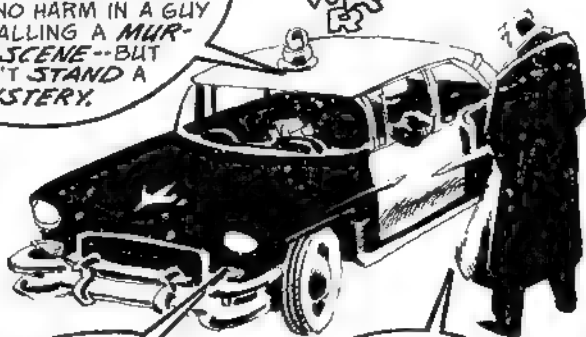
NOT
AGAIN.

WOOP WOOP



EXCUSE ME, STRANGER.
I WAS GONNA PUSH ON
AFTER I SAW YOU, BACK
AT THE DINER--AFTER
ALL, NO HARM IN A GUY
EYEBALLING A MUR-
DER SCENE--BUT
I CAN'T STAND A
MYSTERY.

WOOP
WOOP



THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT YOU THAT
JUST DOESN'T FIT.

WHAT
SEEMS TO BE
THE PROBLEM,
OFFICER?



IT'S THAT
BUCKET
YOU'RE DRIV-
ING. IT
DOESN'T
FIT.

A BIG, GORGEOUS
GUY LIKE YOU,
STRUTTING AROUND
IN AN EIGHT-
HUNDRED-
DOLLAR COAT--
AND YOU'RE
DRIVING A
HEAP LIKE
THAT?



A FRIEND LOANED
ME IT. MY CADILLAC'S
IN THE SHOP. I WAS JUST
MEETING MY FRIEND IN
THE BAR THERE TO
DROP OFF THE KEYS.

IF SHE ASKS FOR
MY LICENSE, THIS
COULD GET UGLY.

IF SHE FRISKS
ME, ALL HELL'S
GONNA BREAK
LOOSE

697

ALL HELL--IN THE FORM OF A **MASTER ASSASSIN** WHO'S A FEW INCHES SHORT OF FIVE FEET TALL.

DEADLY LITTLE MIHO.

ONE FALSE MOVE BY THE **COP**-- ANY **HINT** THAT, EVEN FOR AN **INSTANT**, I MIGHT BE IN ANY DANGER AT **ALL**--AND MIHO WILL COME DOWN ON HER LIKE AN EXECUTIONER'S **AX**.



...SO, WHAT KIND OF **FRIEND** YOU GOT **WAITING** FOR YOU? A **LADY?**

JUST AN OLD **BUDDY**. NOBODY **SPECIAL**.



COOL YOUR **JETS**, MIHO. LEAVE THIS TO **ME**.

REMEMBER WHAT WENT **DOWN** THE LAST TIME YOU **KILLED** A **COP**.



BESIDES, UNLESS I'M READING THE OFFICER'S SIGNALS ALL WRONG, IT'S NOT AN **ARREST** SHE'S LOOKING FOR TONIGHT.

I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A **PUBLIC SERVANT** IF I TORE OFF AND LEFT YOU **STRANDED**. LET ME GIVE YOU A **LIFT**.

I'VE GOT SOME TIME ON MY HANDS. I'M JUST NOW GETTING OFF **DUTY**--AND THE NIGHT IS **YOUNG**.

YOU'RE MIGHTY **GENEROUS**, MA'AM. BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY **IMPOSE**.

OH, IT WOULDN'T BE ANY KIND OF **IMPOSITION**, HANDSOME. ALL I'VE GOT WAITING BACK HOME ARE TWO **CATS** AND A LOUSY **TV SET**.

THPP

YOU SEEM **JUMPY**.

I'M A NERVOUS KIND OF FELLOW. SORRY.

THPP

IT'S THE **BADGE**, ISN'T IT? DON'T WORRY. IT COMES RIGHT **OFF**.

SO DOES THE **UNIFORM**.

THAT, I'D LIKE TO **SEE**.







MR. KLUMP--
I CAN SCARCELY
CONSTRAIN A
CONFLUENCE OF
MIXED REACTIONS
TO THIS MOST UN-
EXPECTED OF
VISITATIONS!

THAT MOST
ENIGMATIC OF
TOUGH GUYS INFLECTED
UPON US *DAMAGE* IN THE
SEVEREST, BOTH PRO-
FESSIONAL AND ANA-
TOMIC IN NATURE--

--AND
YET--

--AND YET, SAID
TOUGH GUY MIGHT
NOW UNWITFULLY AF-
FORD US AN OPPOR-
TUNITY TO INGRATIA-
TE OURSELVES WITH LOCAL
ADMINISTRATORS OF
MATTERS *EXTRALEGAL*--
AND YIELD US MUCH-
NEEDED FAST CASH.

OUR MINDS
ARE AS ONE,
MR. SHLUBB



LEAVE US
MOVE WITH PUR-
SUANT INTENT,
MR. KLUMP.

AND
WITH UPMOST
DISCRETION,
MR. SHLUBB

HAVEN'T SEEN
THESE CLOWNS
IN MONTHS.
NOT SINCE I
SHOT THEM IN
THE LEGS.



GIVE ME
A *BREAK*,
OTTO. JUST FOR
TONIGHT. I'M
RATTLING TO
PIECES.

IT'S A LUCKY
BREAK, GETTING
SPOTTED BY
THOSE LOWLIFES.
FITS MY PLAN
PERFECTLY.

NOW ALL I NEED
IS *ANOTHER* LOW-
LIFE ONE WHO'S
GOT THE INSIDE
DOPE. ONE WHO
CAN BE *PERSUADED*
TO LOOSEN HIS
TONGUE.

HIS
TONGUE--
OR *HERS*.

DEEP-DISH
PIZZA. DOUBLE
PEPPERONI.
ANCHOVIES.

NOT A
CHANCE.
THE *OWNER*
GOT A LOOK
AT YOUR *TAB*.
HE WAS FIT
TO BE
TIED.

IF
NOBODY'S
BUYING--
YOU AIN'T
GETTING.

WASN'T SO LONG
AGO, THERE'D HAVE
BEEN A LINE OF GUYS
AROUND THE **BLOCK**,
LOOKING TO BUY ME
A DRINK.

YOU'D
HAVE
GIVEN YOUR
RIGHT ARM,
OTTO. WASN'T
SO LONG
AGO.

IT
WAS A
MILLION
DRINKS
AGO,
PEGGY.

SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'M
GONNA FEEL
LIKE A **HEEL**
BEFORE THE
NIGHT IS OUT.

NUTS TO
THAT. I
FEEL LIKE
A **HEEL**
ALREADY.

SET HER
UP I'M
BUYING.

THE
MAGIC
WORDS.

WHAT
THE HECK
IS THIS
GUY UP
TO?

SAY--
THANKS,
MISTER!
YOU'RE A
LIFE-
SAVER!

SALUD.

OH, YEAH. COME
TO MOMMA
COME TO
MOMMA.



SHE TOSSES BACK ANOTHER. HER SHAKING SLOWS TO A STOP. HER VOICE LOSES ITS CRUSHED-COKE-BOTTLE EDGE AND GOES HUSKY, CREAMY WITH FALSE CONFIDENCE

SHE'S ON HER WAY TO GETTING AS CLOSE TO HAPPY AS SHE EVER GETS.





I'M NO ANGEL.
JUST A GUY OUT
LOOKING FOR A
LITTLE
EXCITEMENT.

YOU SHOULD'VE
BEEN HERE **LAST**
NIGHT, HONEY. THE
JOINT WAS **JUMPING**.
YOU COULDN'T TURN
AROUND WITHOUT
BUMPING BUTTS WITH
A **REPORTER--**
AND WERE THEY
BUYING
DRINKS!

THEY
WERE PUMPING
EVERY LOCAL IN
SIGHT ABOUT
BRUNO AND WHAT
HAPPENED TO
HIM



BUT NOT **ONE**
OF THEM COULD
HANDLE THE
REAL STORY.



SNAP

THIS'D BE A GOOD
TIME FOR YOU TO **SHUT**
YOUR STUPID **TRAP**,
PEGGY.

ALL OF A Sudden
SHE'S A **VOLCANO**
BLOWING ITS TOP.

AS LONG AS
I KEEP HER
DRUNK, THIS'LL
BE EASY

I'M A
HEEL, ALL
RIGHT.

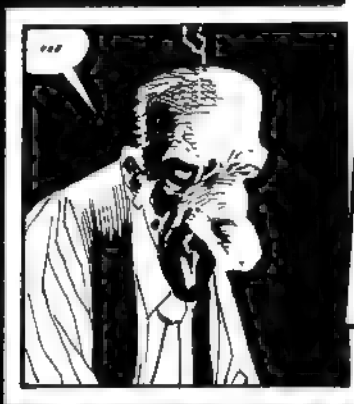


DON'T GO
TELLING ME TO
SHUT UP! THIS A FREE
COUNTRY WE'RE LIV-
ING IN, LAST I
CHECKED!

YEAH, SURE,
AND MAYBE THIS
GUY'S A **COP**.
YOU EVER THINK
OF THAT?

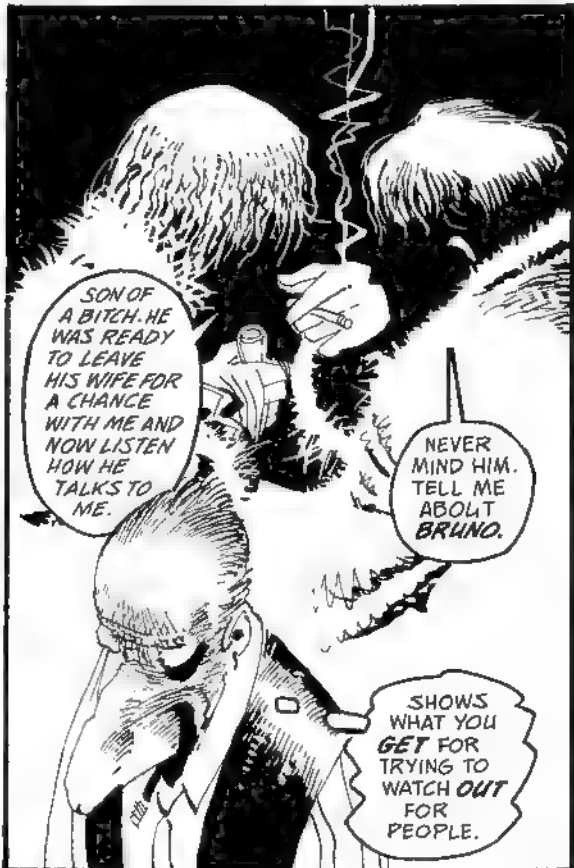
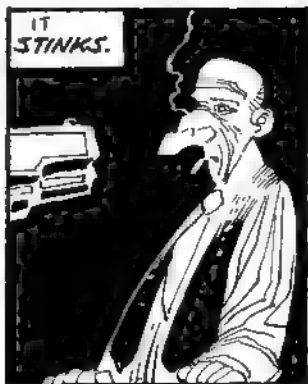
AND
HERE **BARTENDERS**
ARE SUPPOSE TO BE
SO GOOD AT **READING**
PEOPLE.

NAW, OTTO.
MY **ANGEL** HERE,
HE'S NO **COP** JUST
LOOK AT HIS **EYES**.
HE'S SEEN **DEATH**
AND PLENTY OF IT,
BUT HE'S NO
COP.









I DON'T
READ THE
PAPERS MUCH
HE WAS IN
POLITICS,
RIGHT?

RIGHT IF
YOU EVER SEEN A
PICTURE OF HIM,
I'LL BET YOU A
NICKEL TO A DOLGH-
NUT HE WAS HOLD-
ING KIDS--

--AND
STANDING
UP FOR THE
FAMILY.

...FOR OUR
CHILDREN...

BUT, TIME
WAS, BRUNO
HAD A HABIT OF
BUSTING UP
FAMILIES.
THE HARD
WAY.



GAKK!

HE WAS
A LOW-RENT
KILLER--

END
HIM

--UNTIL THE
KRAUT CAME
ALONG AND MADE
HIM A HIGH-RENT
KILLER

YES,
SIR!

IT WAS
THE KRAUT
WHO GOT
BRUNO INTO
POLITICS.

THE
KRAUT...
YOU MEAN
WALLEN-
QUIST?

BLAM

GAA





OUR
PRECIOUS
CHILDREN ...



DAMN
I'M TELLING
THIS ALL
WRONG I'M
GETTING ALL
AHEAD OF
MYSELF

YEAH, THE
KRAUT, LIKE
I SAID, HE WANTED
A CITY COUNCIL-
MAN IN HIS
POCKET. NAME
ME A MOBSTER
WHO WOULDN'T.

YOU'RE
DOING FINE.
TAKE YOUR
TIME



WELL,
BACK BEFORE
BRUNO BECAME
A CHAMPION
FOR FAMILY
VALUES--

--BACK WHEN
HE WAS STILL
DOING THE
KIND OF WORK
HE ENJOYED--

--BRUNO CAUGHT
UP WITH A **STOOLIE**.
THE **STOOLIE**, HE'D
JUST THAT EVENING
PICKED UP A **RAVING
BEAUTY** OF A GAL

NOT FOND OF LEAVING
WITNESSES IN ANY
CONDITION TO **TESTIFY**.
BRUNO PLUGGED THE
BOTH OF THEM.



THE **STOOLIE**
WAS NOBODY
SPECIAL. THERE
WAS NOBODY
WHO COUNTED
WHO MISSED
HIM.

BUT THE **BEAUTY**--SHE
WAS **ANDREA VITTORIA
MAGLIOZZI**--

--BELOVED NIECE
OF **GIACCO
MAGLIOZZI**--

--ALSO KNOWN
AS **DOY
MAGLIOZZI**--

--UNDISPUTED
RULER OF
THE REGION'S
COISA NOSTRA.

REVENGE!



BUT THE KRAUT
COVERED BRUNO'S
TRACKS. THE
LAST THING HE
WANTED WAS
TROUBLE WITH
THE MAFIA.

NOBODY
KNEW
ANYTHING.

I WILL HAVE
REVENGE!

HUNDREDS
WERE BEATEN,
TORTURED,
MURDERED.

YEARS PASSED.
THEY SAY
MAGLIOZZI
WENT HALF-
MAD.

NOTHING
TURNED UP.

NOTHING.



I GOTTA
ADMIT, I'M
ENJOYING ALL
THIS ATTENTION.
YOU ALL HANG-
ING ON MY
EVERY
WORD.

SO BACK
TO BRUNO.
HE STOPPED
SHOOTING
PEOPLE AND
STARTED
KISSING
BABIES...



...OUR
PRECIOUS,
PRECIOUS
CHILDREN

...AND HOLD-
ING KIDS.

HIS WIFE WAS
ALWAYS AT HIS
SIDE.

SHE WAS A VERY
UNDERSTAND-
ING WOMAN.

BRUNO--
THE PRESS
CONFERENCE,
THEY'RE
WAITING.

YEAH,
YEAH. JUST
A MINUTE
JUST A
MINUTE.

HE
SOUNDS
LIKE A VERY
SENSITIVE
FELLOW.

HA!
BROTHER,
YOU DON'T
KNOW!

THIS IS
THE BEST
PART

BRUNO
FELL IN
LOVE.



ALL HIS ROTTEN
LIFE, BRUNO'D
HAD TO *HIDE*
WHAT HE REALLY
WAS.

BUT NOT
WITH
ANGIE.

THE MORE HE
TOLD HER
ABOUT HIS
MURDEROUS
PAST, THE
MORE IT
TURNED HER
ON.

THE BLOODIER,
THE *BETTER.*

I
LIKE IT,
BRUNO.

DOLL,
THAT'S ALL
YOU'VE EVER
GOTTA
SAY.

ANGIE--
DOLL--
YOU'RE
MAKING ME
CRAZY...

TELL
ME A
STORY,
BRUNO.



ONE NIGHT,
STUPID WITH
LUST, HE TOLD
HER ABOUT
THE *STOOLIE--*

--AND THE *COLLATERAL*
DAMAGE NAMED *ANDREA*
MAGLIOZZI.

ANGIE'S PATIENCE
HAD FINALLY PAID
OFF.

FASTER THAN YOU
COULD SAY "PILLOW
TALK":

...AND THIS
HERE TAPE
WILL PROVE
IT

YOU
HAVE MY
UNDYING
GRATITUDE,
YOUNG
LADY

YOU WILL
BE PAID MOST
HANDSOMELY.

DON
MAGLIOZZI--
THE TRUCE--
DO NOT LOSE
YOUR
REASON!

EVERY LAST
WOP IN THE
ROOM KNEW
WHAT WAS
COMING
NEXT.

GO!

THE
TRUCE BE
DAMNED! THIS
IS ANDREA!
THIS IS
FAMILY!

YAA!

ALL OF
WHICH
BRINGS
US TO
LAST
NIGHT.



IT WAS A
QUIET
NIGHT--

--UNTIL THE **ROAR**
OF A RED-HOT
LAMBORGHINI
GOT EVERYBODY'S
TEETH JIGGLING.

WHO
WAS IN
THE
CAR?

LIKE I'D
TELL YOU
IF I
KNEW.

I MAY BE
A BURNED-OUT
OLD LOUDMOUTH,
BUT I'VE STILL GOT
ENOUGH **BRAIN CELLS**
TO KNOW BETTER THAN
TO FINGER A
HIT MAN.

THERE'S
STILL THAT
MUCH LEFT
OF ME.

OH, HONEY--
IF YOU'D ONLY
KNOWN ME
WHEN...

PEGGY...
WERE THERE
ANY **WIT-
NESSES?**

DEPENDS
ON WHAT
YOU CALL
WITNESSES.
I GUESS.

THERE
WAS
ZEP.

BUT HE'S AN OLD
HOPHEAD. WORD
IS, HE WAS SEEING
GIANT SPIDERS
THE WHOLE TIME.

AND THERE WAS
THE **CHAUFFEUR.**





I'M SURE HE
TOLD SAINT
PETER ALL
ABOUT IT.



YOU COULDN'T
REALLY COUNT
BRUNO AS A
WITNESS, EITHER

HE DIDN'T EVEN
GET TO FINISH HIS
PASTITSIO.



NO OTHER
VICTIMS?

NO MORE *CORPSES*,
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU
MEAN. *BRUNO* WAS THE
ONLY *CUSTOMER*. IT
WAS SOME KIND OF
GREEK HOLIDAY.

OLD *POPPA*,
HE'D OPENED THE
JOINT UP *SPECIAL*,
JUST FOR *BRUNO*,
ON ACCOUNT OF HOW
POPPA KNEW HE'D
LOSE HIS *PERMIT*
IF *BRUNO* DIDN'T
GET HIS
PASTITSIO.

POPPA WAS
WORKING THE
KITCHEN WHEN
THE SHOOTING
STARTED. HE HIT
THE *DECK*--BUT
HE STILL CAUGHT
A SLUG IN HIS
BUTT AND
BROKE HIS
NOSE.

SO NOW
EVERYBODY'S ON
PINS AND NEEDLES,
WAITING TO SEE IF *SIN*
CITY'S GOT A *GANG*
WAR IN ITS LAP--OR
IF THE *KRAUT* JUST
WROTE OFF *BRUNO*
AS A *BUSINESS*
LOSS.

AND THAT'S
IT. THAT'S EVERY-
THING I *KNOW*. I
IMAGINE YOU
GOTTA RUN
ALONG NOW

THANKS
FOR THE
MEMORIES,
STRANGER.
YOU'VE BEEN
SWEET.

DON'T,
BABY. DON'T
TEASE.

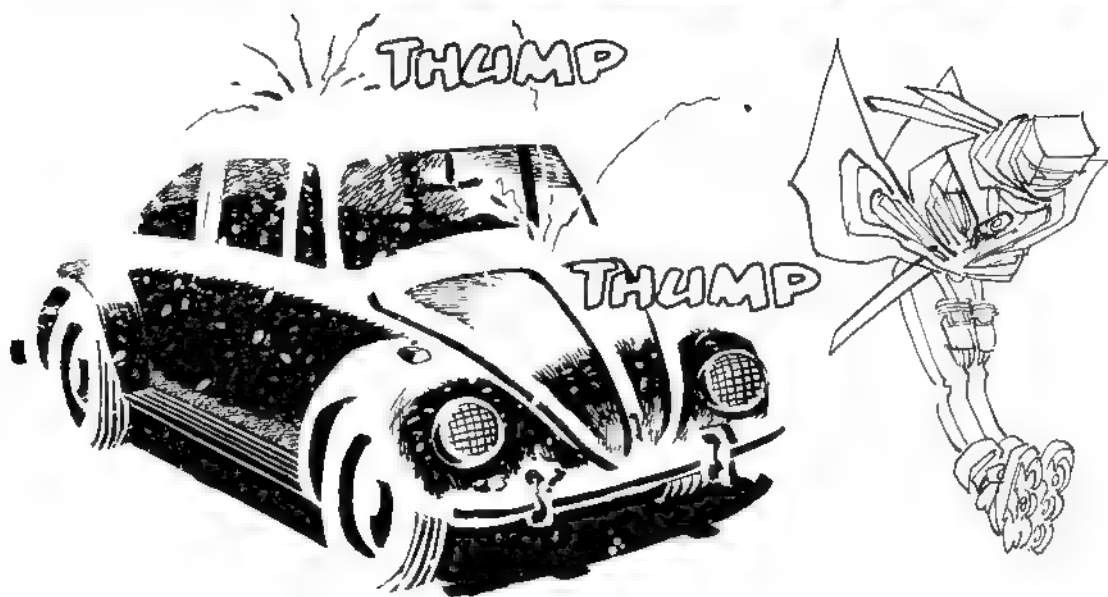
THIS ISN'T
GOODBYE
NOT JUST
YET.























I'M *CRAZY*,
ALL RIGHT--

HA!

FUNNY
MAN.

--CRAZY
OVER THAT
BIG, BEAUTIFUL
BATTLESHIP
SHE'S JUST WHAT
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR. I'LL TREAT HER
RIGHT, ONCE I'M
DONE KILLING
YOU FELLAS

KRAK





YOU
KNOW
THE
PLAN.

YOU DON'T
GET TO KILL
ANYBODY
UNTIL I
GIVE THE
WORD.







VITO-- TAKE
IT *EASY*. YOU'RE
GETTING AHEAD
OF YOURSELF.



WHAT,
YOU THINK
YOU'RE GIVING
WITH THE
ORDERS NOW,
SPINELLI?

WE ALREADY
GOT OUR
ORDERS AND
THEY DON'T
INCLUDE CREAT-
ING NO *PUBLIC*
DISTURBANCE.
HE'S ALL YOURS--
ONCE WE GET
HIM TO THE
PROJECTS.



OH, YEAH!
LIKE AN AIRPLANE
TAKING OFF!

AND I BET
SHE HANDLES
LIKE A DREAM!



YOU KNOW,
IT'S SAD. MOST
PEOPLE BUZZ AROUND
IN THEIR COMPUTERIZED,
CANDY-PANTS LITTLE
ELECTRIC SHAVERS
WITH THEIR WORMY
LITTLE V-4 ENGINES
--AND THEY THINK
THEY'RE DRIVING.

THEY
DON'T KNOW
WHAT DRIVING
IS.



I CAN'T
WAIT TO GET
THIS BEAUTY OUT
ON THE OPEN
ROAD, SO I
CAN SEE WHAT
SHE CAN
DO.

GO
AHEAD,
FOOL CHAT
IT UP--



--PRETTY SOON
YOU'RE GONNA BE
TELLING US WHAT
THE KRAUT IS
UP TO--

--THEN YOU'LL
BE **BEGGING**.
YOU'LL BE **CRYING**.
YOU'LL BE
DYING.

NAH
I'M GONNA
BE HAVING A
BALL, ONCE I
GET RID OF
YOU GUYS.

MAN,
YOU ARE
KILLING
ME!

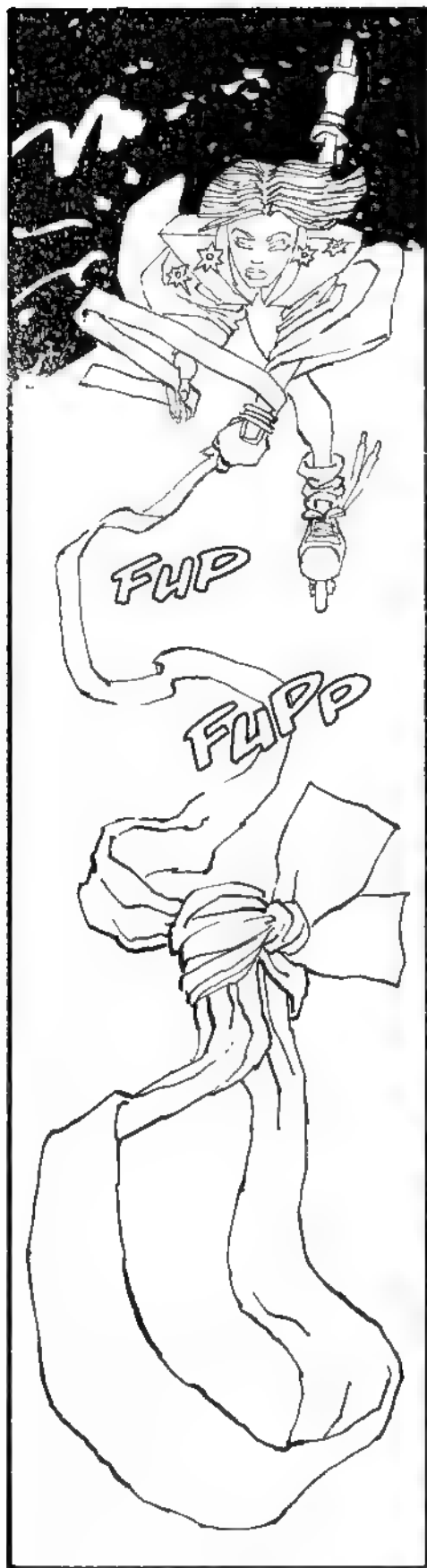




FPP

SKEEEE







ATKINS
FRAMING

VITO, I
GOTTA ASK
-- WAS IT
YOU?

I'M JUST
GUESSING, BUT
IT WAS A SLOB WHO
SHOT UP THAT DINER.
AND I'VE SEEN YOU IN
ACTION, SO I KNOW
YOU'RE A SLOB.

WAS IT YOU
IN THAT
LAMBORGHINI?

YOU'RE
HALF-RIGHT, FUNNY
MAN. IT WAS ME, SURE
-- BUT IT WASN'T NO
LAMBORGHINI.

IT WAS A
BITCHING-MEAN
FERRARI.

YAA!



AND I
GOTTA TAKE
OFFENSE
AT YOU
CALLING ME
A SLOB



YEAH, I
WAS **ENTHUSIASTIC**.
YEAH, I HAD MYSELF
ONE **WHALE** OF A
GOOD TIME--

--BUT THERE
WAS NOTHING
SLOPPY
ABOUT THE
WAY I **FIRED**
OUT OF THAT
MOVING
CAR.

IT WAS **DAMN**
SHARP SHOOTING
AND THERE'S
NOBODY WHO
CAN SAY IT
WASN'T.

I WAS **WYATT**
EARR. I WAS
NOTHING SHORT
OF **BRILLIANT**.

THERE WASN'T **ONE**
BULLET I **FIRED**
AT THAT **CHAUFFEUR**
THAT DIDN'T PUNCH
A **HOLE** RIGHT
THROUGH HIM.

AMATEUR NIGHT
THIS WASN'T.

MY HANDS
WERE STEADY
AS ALL HELL.

I WAS **WYATT**
EARR.



WYATT
EARP WASN'T
KNOWN FOR
USING A
MACHINE
PISTOL.

PISTOLS.
I HAD TWO
OF THEM

IT WAS
BETTER THAN SEX.
TWIN UZIS, CHAT-
TERING LIKE JACK-
HAMMERS, KICKING
AND KICKING--MY
SHOULDERS
JERKING AND
JERKING WITH
EACH KICK!

SOUNDS
PLENTY
EROTIC.

I'M TELLING
YOU, MAN
BETTER THAN
SEX.





NOT
UNLESS
YOU COUNT
THE *DOG*.

THAT'S
RIGHT!
THE
DOG!



I'D FORGOTTEN
ALL ABOUT THE
DOG...

...SHE WAS A
DUMB, OLD, FLEA-
BITTEN *STRAY*.
MUST'VE BEEN
DEAF FOR ALL
THE *SUNFIRE*
NOT TO HAVE
SCARED HER
OFF.

I COULDN'T
HELP MYSELF.

THE MANGY OLD
BITCH GAVE OUT
WITH THE *SAD-
DEST* LITTLE
YELP YOU EVER
HEARD--AND
THEN SHE
EXPLODED.

IT WAS THE PERFECT
ENDING TO A
PERFECT *NIGHT*.



A WOMAN'S SCREAM
WAFTS UP FROM FAR
BELOW, TINY FRAGILE
AS A CHRISTMAS-TREE
ORNAMENT.

MUFFLED BY MILES' DISTANCE, A PISTOL POPS OFF SIX ROUNDS THE SCREAM DIES

THEN, CHILDREN'S
LAUGHTER, CRUEL,
TINKLING LIKE
CHIMES THE SOUND
BELONGS IN A
SCHOOLYARD

I HATE THE
PROJECTS
THEY MAKE
ME SICK

THE **PROJECTS**.
THEY'RE THE
RESULT OF THE
GRANDEST SO-
CIAL WELFARE
INITIATIVE IN
BASIN CITY'S
HISTORY.

CONSTRUCTION
WAS WELL UNDER
WAY WHEN THE
LABOR PROBLEMS
STARTED.

THE CITY'S BEEN
NEGOTIATING A
NEW CONTRACT
WITH THE
PLUMBERS
UNION FOR THE
PAST FIFTY

NOWADAYS, THE
PROJECTS ARE HOME
TO THE HOPELESS
AND THE CRAZY--
AND A FAVORITE
SETTING FOR BAD
BUSINESS.

YOU COULDN'T
 ASK FOR A
 BETTER PLACE
 TO COMMIT A
 FEW MUR-
 DERS.

GET THAT
CORPSE OUT
OF MY CAR, WILL
YOU, VITO? AND BE
CAREFUL ABOUT
IT DON'T GET HIS
BLOOD ALL OVER
MY UPHOL-
STERY.

RIGHT
WHATEVER
YOU SAY
THIS IS
YOUR
SHOW

WHAT
THIS IS,
IS TOTAL
BILL-
SAFE!

JUST
LOOK
AT
HER!





ONE
SLICK LITTLE
MANEUVER,
AND THE PACK
OF YOU TURNS
INTO JELLY!

LEMME
SHOW YOU
WHAT A REAL
MAN CAN
DO.

LEMME
SHOW YOU,
DOLL-
FACE.



COME
AND GET
IT, YOU
DAMN
JAP
SLUT!



NOW
YOU'VE
GONE AND
DONE IT.



YOU'VE
OFFENDED
HER.



WELL,
PARDON
ME ALL
OVER THE
PLACE.



SHHH







HURGG

THAT DOES IT.
I'M DOING
YOU UGLY.
YOU'RE
GONNA BE
UGLY.

THIS COULD
TAKE A WHILE
VITO-- THAT
BERETTA OF
YOURS. TAKE
IT OUT OF
YOUR POCK-
ET THERE'S
SOMETHING
I WANT YOU
TO DO FOR
ME.

ARE
YOU **NUTS?**
I FLASH
IRON AND
THAT **WITCH**
WILL CHOP
ME IN
HALF!

MAYBE
NOT,
VITO--

--VINNIE'S GOT
HER PRETTY
BUSY...



READY
FOR IT,
CHINA
DOLL?

YOU
READY
TO GET
GOOD
AND
UGLY?

YOUR **GUN,**
VITO.

I DON'T
KNOW,
MAN...

GRAA

MAYBE
VINNIE
HAS A
CHANCE.

IF
HE DOES,
WE DO...





KEIKO









GIVE ME
A **BREAK**,
MAN. HE'S MY
BROTHER.
HE'S **FAMILY**.

VITO--
TELL HIM
THERE'S NO
WAY!

THERE'S NOTHING THAT
BREAKS MY HEART FASTER
THAN HEARING A **HIT MAN**
TORTURE HIMSELF OVER
A **MORAL DILEMMA**.



YOU'RE
ASKING FOR
A **LOT**,
MAN.

BUT I'M
NOT ASKING,
VITO.

GRRR

SHHH

PLUG HIM
SHE WON'T
NOTICE UN-
TIL IT'S DONE.
PLUG HIM--
AND THEN
WE'LL TAKE
OUR
CHANCES.

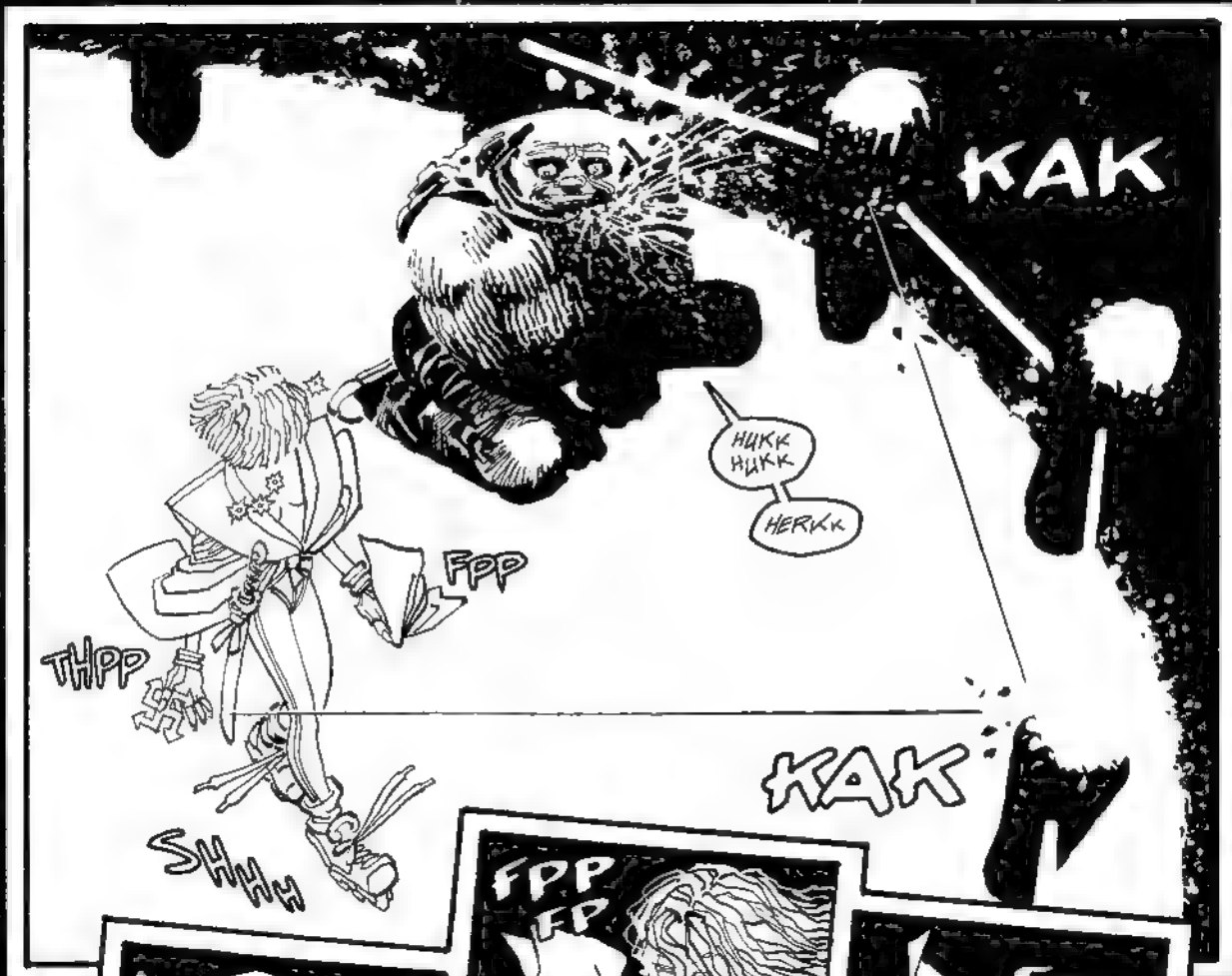
THEY'RE
GONNA KILL
US ANY-
WAY.

MY
BROTHER'S
GOT A
POINT.

IT'S
ALWAYS
INSPIRING
TO SEE A MAN
TAKE A STAND
ON PRINCIPLE,
ISN'T IT,
MIHO?













WHERE
TO,
BOSS?

TAKE
US TO
THE
DON.

...YOU'RE
KILLING
ME.

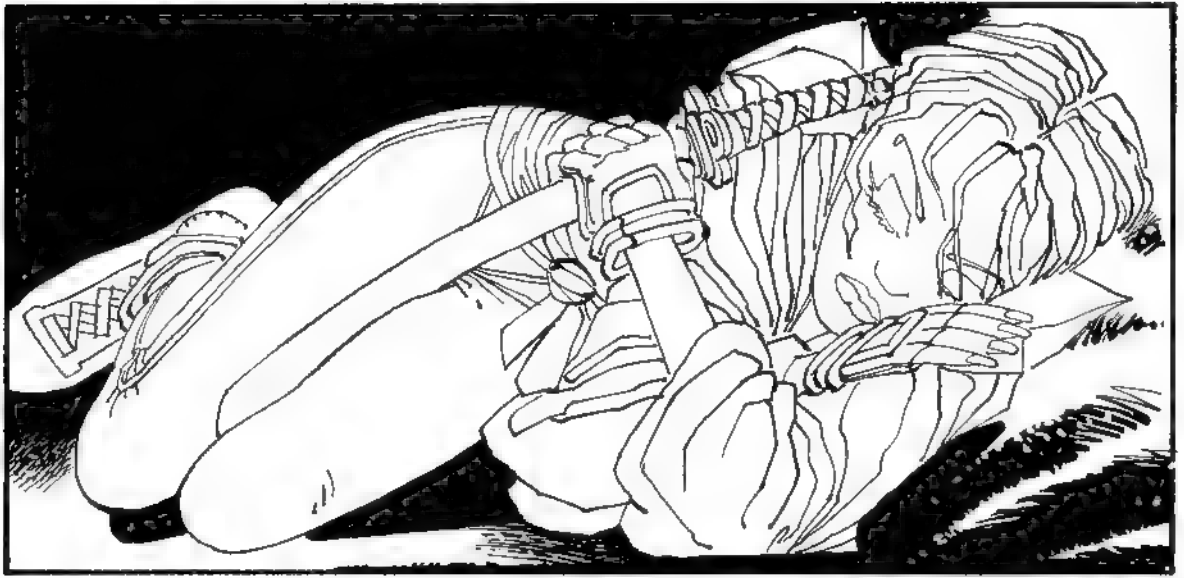
NO NOT
YET, WE'RE
NOT.

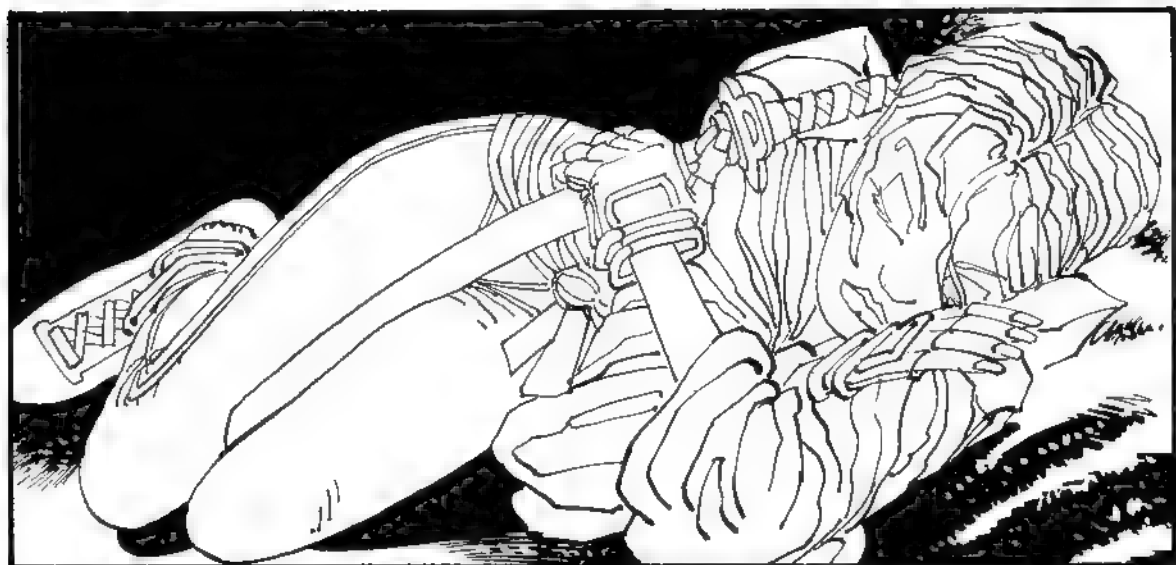
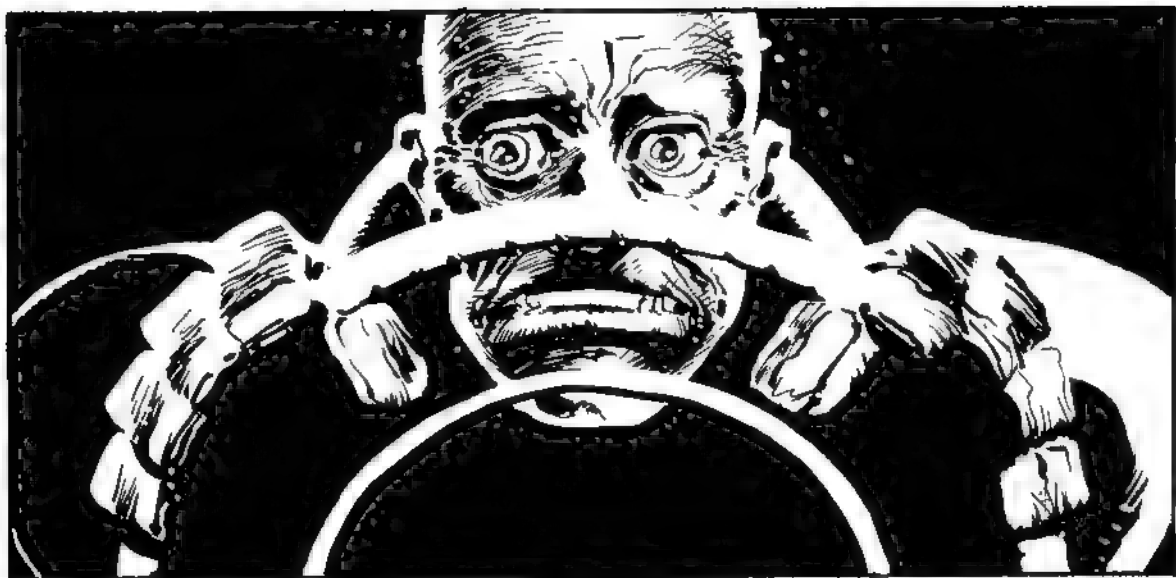
YOU'RE
NOT KIDDING,
ARE YOU?

YOU'RE
TOO
MUCH,
AMIGO...









THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SILENCE.

THEY SAY THERE IS, UP THERE IN OUTER SPACE. BUT NOT DOWN HERE. WHEREVER THERE'S AIR, THERE'S SOMETHING TO BREATHE IT

SOMETHING THAT MAKES NOISE.

EVEN AS THE CITY'S ANGRY SHOUTS AND HONKING HORNS AND WHINING SIRENS FALL AWAY BEHIND US, COUNTRY NOISE RISES IN A CHORUS.

CRICKETS CHIRP! BULLFROGS CROAK A HORNY COYOTE COMPLAINS FOR ALL THE WORLD TO HEAR AN OWL SWOOPS FOR THE KILL, ITS HORRID SCREECH FREEZING SOME HAPLESS FIELD RAT IN ITS TRACKS.

AND THEY SAY THE CITY NEVER SLEEPS

THIS FAR OUT OF TOWN IN ANY OTHER DIRECTION, AND YOU COULDN'T DRIVE A MILE WITHOUT COMING ACROSS ENOUGH ROADKILL TO FEED A FAMILY OF FOUR. BUT NOT OUT THIS WAY NO, NOT IN SACRED OAKS.

NOT IN SACRED OAKS.

THEY'RE QUICK TO HAUL OFF THE MASHED MEAT AND BROKEN BONES, HERE IN SACRED OAKS. THEY'VE GOT THE BLOOD SCRUBBED OFF THE PAVEMENT BEFORE IT HAS A CHANCE TO DRY.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW THERE WAS EVER ANY VIOLENCE ANYWHERE, IF YOU LOOK AT SACRED OAKS.

THE MAGLIOZZI MANSION.



YOU OUGHTTA KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOW UP HERE TONIGHT, VITO.

I GOTTA SEE MY UNCLE, IT'S URGENT.



HE GIVES WITH
A MUFFLED
GURGLE. HIS
FINAL BREATH
WHISPERS
OUT HIS
NOSTRILS.

THERE'S
NO SUCH
THING AS
SILENCE









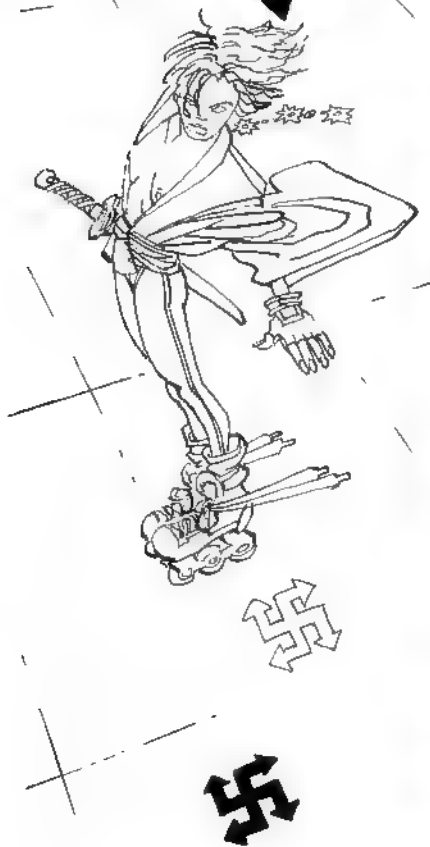


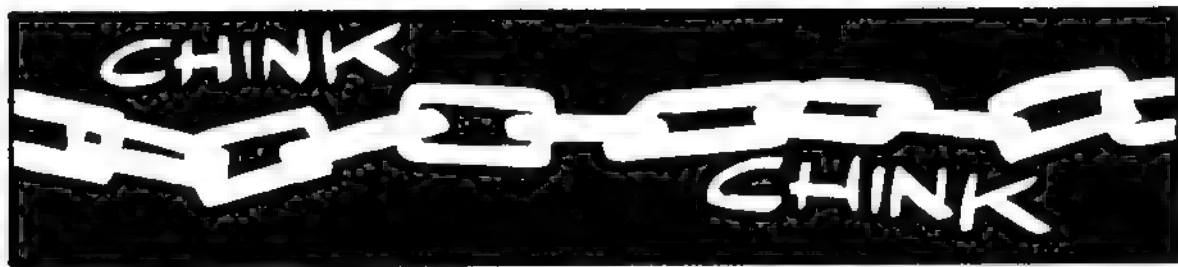


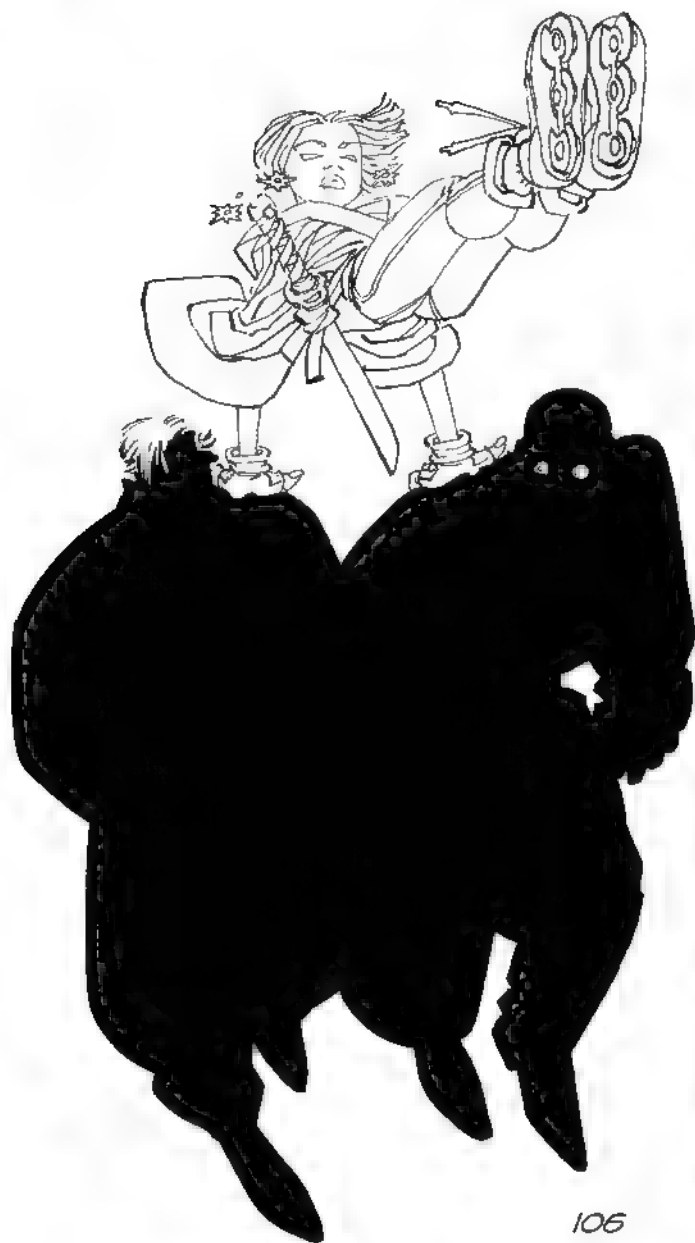
















THE DRAWING
ROOM OF
GIACCO
MAGLIOZZI

A MEETING
IN PROGRESS.

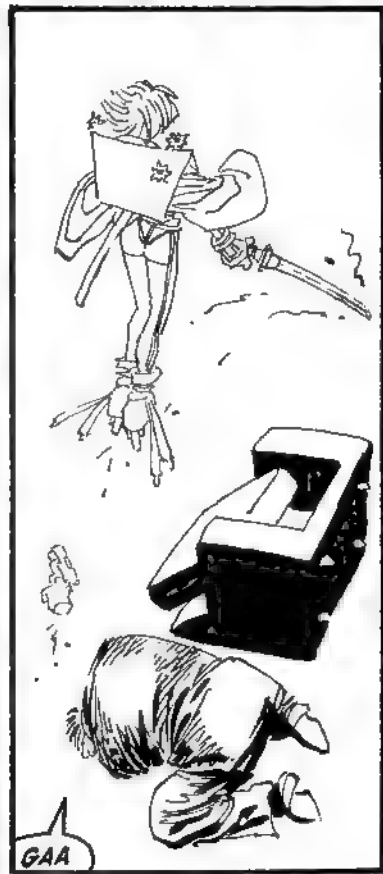
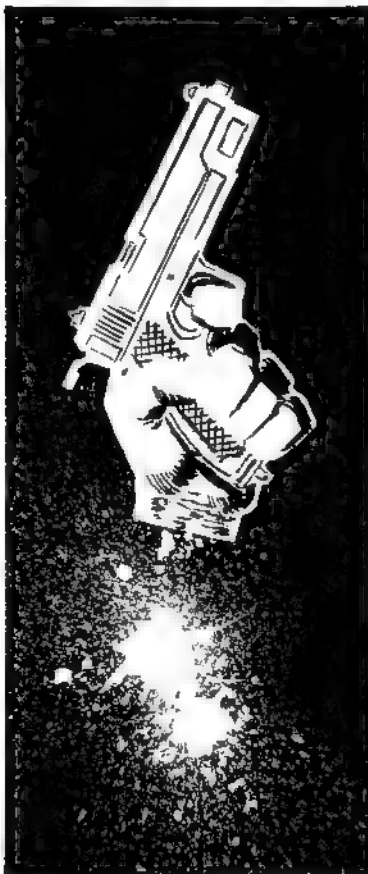
HEY...













I ASSUME THAT
WALLENQUIST
SENT YOU.

THAT'S
WHAT EVERY-
BODY'S GOING
TO ASSUME.
WHICH SUITS
ME FINE.

NOW,
PLEASE
--MY
STORY.

IT'S
ABOUT A
GIRL. A SWEET,
LOVELY GIRL
NAMED CARMEN.
LIKE YOU, SHE
CAME FROM A
CLOSE
FAMILY.

HERS
WAS TOO
CLOSE--IN
ALL THE
WRONG
WAYS.



YOU
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS IF
YOU TELL YOUR
MOMMA
ABOUT
THIS.

SHE
WAS TWELVE
WHEN SHE
FINALLY
ESCAPED.



SHE SWORE
SHE'D NEVER
GO BACK TO
HER FATHER
--AND SHE
NEVER DID.

SHE GREW
UP ON THE
STREET.

SHE DID
WHAT SHE
HAD TO
DO, TO
SURVIVE.

SHE
BECAME
WHAT SHE
HAD TO
BECOME.

OH,
BABY!



CARMEN FELL
IN WITH THE
WORKING
GIRLS OF
OLD TOWN.

SHE BECAME
BEST FRIENDS
WITH ONE OF THE
GIRLS AS YEARS
PASSED, THEY
BECAME **MORE**
THAN FRIENDS.

FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN HER **LIFE**,
CARMEN KNEW
WHAT IT WAS LIKE
TO BE **HAPPY**.

FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN HER
LIFE, SHE KNEW
WHAT IT WAS LIKE
TO BE **LOVED**.

ENOUGH! STRANGER,
YOU DISGUST ME!

YOU POISON
THE AIR I BREATHE
WITH THIS "STORY"
OF YOURS--THIS
SORDID, BACK-ALLEY
FILTH!

WHY
SHOULD A
MAN LIKE ME
HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT
THIS "CARMEN"--THIS
PIECE OF TRASH--
THIS WHORE--THIS
GODLESS
PERVERT?

SHUT
YOUR
ROTTEN
TRAP

AAA

BLAM

HUHK

YOU'RE
THE TRASH,
OLD MAN! YOU'RE
THE FILTH! YOU
AND YOUR WHOLE
"BOARD OF DIREC-
TORS"--YOUR WHOLE
MURDEROUS
FAMILY! THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE
GONNA DIE!

MIHO!
GET ME VITO'S
CIGARETTES!



THANK
YOU,
MIHO.

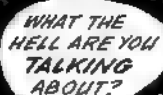
YOU
KNOW, I **QUIT**
AND I **QUIT**-- BUT
IT SEEMS I'M NEVER
MORE THAN ONE NASTY
NIGHT AWAY FROM MY
NEXT COFFIN NAIL.
SELF-CONTROL--
IT'S SO EASY
TO LOSE.

SNAP

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE LOST
CONTROL,
VITO.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE SHOT
THAT DOG.

WHAT?
...



WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

THE
DOG.

WE WOULDN'T BE
HAVING THIS CON-
VERSATION, IF YOU
WEREN'T SO DAMN
VILE YOU'D GUN
DOWN A HELPLESS
OLD STRAY DOG
FOR THE FUN
OF IT.



OR IF
YOUR PRECIOUS
FAMILY HAD
BETTER TASTE
IN ASSAS-
SINS.

OR IF
CARMEN'S
CAR HADN'T
BROKEN DOWN
ON THAT
PARTICULAR
BLOCK.



OR IF CARMEN
HADN'T WALKED
TO THAT PARTIC-
ULAR DINER
TO PHONE UP
THE WOMAN
SHE LOVED.





IT
COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
WHEN YOU
BLEW AWAY
THE
CHAFFEUR.

SURE, YOU WERE
A SLOB. SURE,
YOU MADE AN
UNHOLY MESS
OF IT-- BUT THE
ANGLE WAS
ALL WRONG.

THAT
COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
WHEN YOU
HIT HER.



NO, YOU
BASTARD IT
WAS WHEN
YOU SHOT
THE DOG.



AND
CARMEN'S
LOVER HEARD
EVERY LAST
SECOND
OF IT.

DAISY!
WE'RE READY
FOR YOU!







IT'S A
GREAT, BIG,
WIDE **WORLD**
OUT THERE,
GENTLEMEN

THERE'S
ALL **KINDS**
OF **FAMILIES**
IN IT.



KRUNCH





THEY SCREAM. THEY
BEG. ONE OF THEM
BLUBBERS LIKE A
BABY. ANOTHER
GIVES WITH A SOULFUL
STREAM OF FLAWLESS
LATIN, PRAYING TO
ALMIGHTY GOD.

DAISY RESPONDS
WITH A STRING OF
SNARLED CURSES--
AND A DEAFENING
RACKET OF MACHINE-
GUN FIRE.

THE AIR GOES
ALL BURNT. IT
STICKS TO MY
TONGUE.

AT LEAST I
DON'T HAVE
TO WATCH.

THERE'S GONNA BE
HELL TO PAY, FOR THIS.
THE FAMILIES WILL
ASSUME THAT BOSS-MAN
WALLENQUIST IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
SLAUGHTER OF THE
MAGLIOZZI CLAN--AND
THEY'LL GO TO WAR.

THERE'S GONNA BE
HELL TO PAY--BUT
NEITHER I NOR
MINE WILL HAVE
TO PAY IT.

THE CADILLAC
HANDLES LIKE
A DREAM.

I *KNEW* SHE
WOULD.



THE
END

SIN CITY[®]

Family Values **FRANK MILLER**

